

The Critic

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A LINE inexorably straight,
In larger truth, a girdling ring,
Fixed, either way, as firm as fate,
And always onward beckoning;

Clear-cut and far, or near and blurred,
As powers of sun and cloud decree,—
By these thy provocations stirred,
We seek the farthest mystery.

Emblem of boundaries strictly set,
Emblem of venturous search and hope,
Circled by thee can man forget
His limitation, and his scope?

M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE.

Prof. Peck on Modern Education

IN THE CURRENT number of *The Cosmopolitan*, Prof. H. T. Peck of Columbia University descants ruefully on some phases of American education. The article appears to be the product of a mood, and suggests that, especially at the end of the University semester, "the field cannot well be seen from within the field." "Opinionated" would inaccurately describe this article: it is suffused, rather, with unjust feeling. Like Mr. Lang, Prof. Peck laments bitterly that the university is now a place where many things are being taught and learned with great vigor. He seems to agree with the man who said that "the main thing is to live gracefully, and to get off into a corner for an affectionate view of the creation." This grappling with the mixed problems of American life, in school or college, before the youth's mind is well stretched and seasoned by an exhaustive study of the classics, tends to destroy his "serenity of mind" and infringe on his "sense of proportion." But for Prof. Peck's manifest joy in talking so fluently about it, one might infer that it is not with a light heart that he contemplates the kindergarten system. The article further implies that very few, in truth, can be trusted with an education. These dicta have a particular interest as coming from a university professor, whose own education has been broadly classical and literary, and who, from his chair of Latin in Columbia, is able to contribute stirring, if not always convincingly, to the discussion of the live questions of the day. We propose to point out some of the inaccuracies into which he has strayed.

His tilt at the German formulaic tendency of American education is perhaps commendable because of the sincere hatred of hypocrisy which prompts it. It seems to us, however, to betray an ignorance of the facts. The American of to-day has a vital safeguard in his activity, which prevents him, and always will, from becoming as formula-ridden as the Germans. Education here is far from "desiccated": it is just beginning to ripen. For decades it has been chaotic, formless. Like many another spontaneous, original thinker, Prof. Peck has an inborn aversion to set rules and formulas. The majority of our teachers, however, are endowed with neither spontaneity nor originality. With them, as with Flaubert, "form gives birth to thought." The farther teaching gets away from life, the more dependent the teachers are upon external aids. In a way, it is truly fortunate that we have "teachers who teach teachers to teach teachers how to teach." On the higher rungs of the ladder there is quite as much need of stimulus and method as below. Formulae are useful, and when informed with devotion and earnestness, whether in religion or manners or the pursuit of knowledge, become something more than crutches.

It seems to us that "every one is capable of being educated"—perhaps not to be the "university man" of Prof. Peck's admiration, but in a relative, individual sense. And as to whether "anything whatever can be taught," strictly speaking, this may be a misapprehension, and one that is productive of much confusion in the university curriculum; but it contains a germ of truth. "Not failure, but low aim is crime," said Browning; and when due allowance is made for gravitation and shrinkage and inexperience, there is still a chance for a large amount of helpful information to

be lodged in the youthful mind, touching those very subjects which Prof. Peck would exclude from the university curriculum. There is nothing chimerical, for instance, about teaching a youth, incidentally, "how to preserve his health," "how to resist temptation," "how to invest his money," or even, if you please, "how to select a wife and bring up children." The aim should be to turn out men, first of all, and then, if possible, scholars. And who will say that a student's social and moral needs are not quite as important as his intellectual? We behold here not the devastation of the formula, but the application of ordinary New England gumption. To be sure, only a slight appreciation of these matters can be implanted. Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers. Yet to secure even a fraction of the ends sought for, it would be worth while to cover, if necessary, the whole of Prof. Peck's proscribed list, though it be with an earnestness only a small portion of which could be communicated. That many knowingly drink or eat themselves to death does not invalidate the benefits which may be derived by young men and women from studying the chart of their future lives. Where one goes astray with a full knowledge of the consequences, probably a dozen (just here lies the difficulty: the good ones are so reticent and quiet that we overlook them) escape, because they are prepared to recognize a quagmire when they see one. It does not follow that where parents have failed, the kindly college professor also will fail. Reiteration, even, may count for something; and boys are prone to revere the friendship of one whom they have learned to respect outside of the family. That the most vital and important truths cannot be taught is true enough; but they can be registered on the youth's mind, tabulated there, if you will, that he may not be caught off his guard when the actual test comes.

In conclusion, Prof. Peck puts in a plea for the preservation of the old type of "university man." It is a pity, he says, that we do not so far follow the example of the Germans as to exclude from university instruction the teaching of the mechanical arts. "When the Attic violet is stifled by the stench of the chemist's crucible," the true purpose of the university is forgotten. Is it possible that Prof. Peck does not believe in correlating the sciences and the humanities in the same curriculum? His idea seems to be that the university should make no attempt to adapt itself to the new wants of a new age, but should remain immovable on its historic pedestal, if for no other purpose than to perpetuate a "distinct and definite type of university man"—which appears to us to be an abstraction. Indeed, education, as he understands it, is for the few, and by no means the desirable possession it is commonly esteemed to be. "Education means ambition, and ambition means discontent," which is fraught with no good to the vast majority, because of their limited intelligence and humble capacities! A lurid picture follows of the inadequacy of present-day enlightenment. Country boys flock to the crowded cities only to be baffled, and girls who should be dairymaids aspire to be artists. No remedy is proposed for these appalling conditions, nor is there any acknowledgment of the fact that the practical bias of the educational scheme he criticizes is the outgrowth of a yearning to avert these very evils. What the state needs above all, says Prof. Peck, is an aristocracy of well-trained university men "to drive, in harness, the hewers of wood and drawers of water who constitute the vast majority of the human race. * * * For every really great thing that has been accomplished in the history of man has been accomplished by an aristocracy."

What is this but a distinct avowal of distrust in republicanism and of wistful longing for the settled conditions of a stratified society? That some of our brightest minds have monarchic leanings is small wonder. The mere accident of birth does not determine one's mental cast. Landor's heart went out to Bolivia, Shelley's to the United States, Gray's to antiquity. But Prof. Peck is bolstering up a forlorn hope when he advocates the old-time precedence of the university man. The latter will lead only so far as he is fit to lead; and that he may prove competent, it seems to be decreed that he shall undergo a transformation. We may be of the happy go-lucky class alluded to, but we believe, nevertheless, that out of all this chaos will evolve, on a democratic basis, an educational system according, better than any heretofore invented, with the demands of our heterogeneous, unrepres-

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ONE CAN ONLY imagine the labor that must have gone to the making of this colossal work as it stands. Of course, a compendium of a sort could be made in a very summary fashion by the aid of the apparatus which Mr. Saintsbury somewhere attributes to the young man who commences critic to-day—"a few hand-books, quotable or pillageable," and the rest; but it is well to say at the outset that Mr. Warner and his colleagues have not proceeded in any such light-hearted and careless manner. Hard work is what this project represents—the hard work literally of years, and scientific, scholarly work at that. The names of Mr. Warner and Mr. Mabie, to say nothing of the twelve gentlemen representing the leading American universities who form the Advisory Council, would be a sufficient ground for expecting to find just what we have found in these handsome volumes.

And yet, though the work has been hard, we can well understand that it has been a labor of love for those who have put so much of their best into it. Just as some book-lovers, following that paragon of unselfishness who chose "Sibi et amicis" for his library motto, take delight in lending their favorite authors at whatever peril of alienation, in the joy of making them more widely known and loved, so it is easy to realize how acceptable to the critics and specialists who contribute the longer introductory notices has been the invitation to present the claims of their beloved ones before an audience so wide and at the same time so likely to be intelligent. Of the results of all this work we have already, by inference at least, expressed an opinion; but it will be proper to go a little more into detail for those who have not as yet had the opportunity of examining the work. The eight large and sumptuous volumes, covering the alphabetical order as far as Cervantes, afford an ample criterion of what may be expected from the whole. We are glad to be able to say that they promise, and, so far as they go, perform far more than such collections usually seem to attain. One may have a prejudice against "elegant extracts" in general, and feel that they are to the whole of literature what the faded blossoms of a *hortus siccus* are to the fields and gardens of the world, "all a-growing and a-blowing." But the fact cannot be ignored that in these busy and bustling days many men and women with a real taste for literature are hopelessly cut off from the delightful rambles at will, through one author after another, which are the privilege of the few. For such it is undoubtedly better to have taste of the good things than to be driven back, as it were by a flaming sword at the gate of Eden, to the poor consolations afforded by the daily newspaper. If they go through these volumes, they will be in excellent company all the way; they will be conducted in their "little journeys" by the most courteous and accomplished guides, who are of the familiars of the great; and it is not too much to hope that many will learn to hunger and thirst for more of such companionship, and profit by their introduction to pursue an acquaintance which has proved delightful in its earlier stages.

In two ways especially the work is admirably fitted to its end. It is on such a scale that there is room for copious extracts from at least the greater writers—for enough to represent fairly the spirit of an author, or even two or three different manners of the same. Yet more valuable are the extent and quality of the introductory notices, uniformly excellent and discriminating as they are. The editors have not trusted alone to their own powers, which plan would have had the disadvantage in any case of attempting to survey too wide a field from the same point of view. They have gone to much trouble in securing the cooperation in their particular subjects of distinguished specialists on both sides of the Atlantic. Taking a few names at

random, it will be easy to perceive how valuable is what Mr. Leslie Stephen has to say on Carlyle, Messrs. Sharp and Rhys on Celtic Literature, Mr. Santayana on Cervantes, Mr. Stoddard on Burns, Mr. Woodberry on Matthew Arnold, or Mr. Warren on "Aucassin and Nicolette." As a rule, a sufficient biographical outline is accompanied by a well-proportioned *aperçu* of the salient characteristics of each author, which will be exceedingly valuable to those who wish to go further down some alley whose perspective has allured them. These disquisitions are in many cases long enough to allow of the necessary detail, and to indicate the best point from which to approach the study of a new author. One of the best illustrations of what we mean is Prof. William P. Trent's careful analysis of Balzac, which would remove much of the hopelessness of a young student about to plunge into the "Comédie Humaine." The tone and temper of these prefaces are generally judicial, calm and not unduly enthusiastic in spite of their being written by professed admirers.

The selections, on the whole, are made with an equal discretion and sense of proportion. Of course, it would be impossible that all judgments should agree about the inclusion or omission of a name, or about the relative space to be allotted to each writer treated. The case in which we are most inclined to question the editorial decision is that of Browning, who is represented by only twenty-eight pages, while Henry Ward Beecher has exactly the same number, while Abigail Adams is allowed twenty to describe the London fashions of a century ago, and while Byron spreads over fifty-seven. We would not curtail the last, for the selections are particularly good; but we should certainly have added to the Browning section (which has not a line from his longer poems), even if it had to be at the expense of the Brooklyn divine. The omissions are perhaps more debatable. Mr. Warner frankly admits that "many writers of present note and popularity are omitted simply for lack of space." So far as mere "popularity" goes, we have no quarrel with him; it is not because the names of Bashkirtseff, Bellamy and Braeme are absent that we pause in doubt: but if some are omitted *simply* for lack of space, they must be those who have a valid claim on literary grounds, and there are some names whose exclusion, while not perhaps calling for a protest, rouses a little curiosity.

The work is very comprehensive in some directions, especially in being up to date. Recent foreign acquaintances, like Johanna Ambrosius and Gabriele d'Annunzio, are intelligently dealt with; and our younger Americans are here for example in the person of Mr. Bliss Carman. Yet the Poet-Laureate of England is missing, and one wonders whether it is for lack of space, or whether the intention is to relegate him to the unobserved company of Tate and Pye. Mr. Robert Buchanan and Mr. Hall Caine are also to seek, and there may be some to cry out at their absence. But, as we have said, there could be no pleasing everybody, and the wonder is, not that anything should be left out, but that so much should be in. There are very proper appreciations of writers too little known, like Walter Bagehot; and whole tracts of literature are brought close, as by a Yerkes telescope—not only in the general articles on Assyrian or Arabic literature, for example, but in those going more into detail.

It may be wholly undesigned, and merely the accident of the alphabet, that these eight volumes seem to have rather a small proportion of German and French writers; though, by the way, while there are those who do not like Barbey d'Aurévilly, yet it is worth remembering that Stevenson "delighted in him," and found some of his tales "admirable." But to touch each author omitted or included in turn would require volumes in itself, and we must part from those which we have been considering with real gratitude for a monumental achievement, and with a healthy appetite for the rest of the Library.

Tales of the Far East

1. *Chun Ti-kung: A Novel.* By Claude A. Rees. Dodd, Mead & Co.
 2. *Kakemonos.* By W. Carlton Dawe. John Lane.

THE ATTENTION of the sallow and gangrene school of writers is invited to the abundance of what is horrible, revolting and nasty among the possibilities of fiction about Chinamen. The limitations of the field lie in other directions, and Mr. Rees, who is not at all of the sallow and gangrene school, but would rather draw the honest tears of the unpurged, has recognized these limitations and has compromised with them in introducing into the life of Chun Ti-kung (1) an English girl, who becomes the Chinaman's wife. A Caucasian romancer about Chinamen will realize the most readily at how few points intelligent Caucasian sympathy touches Chinese life. It is true that even in the Middle Kingdom, Heaven still sends small children with hearts such as it would have the hearts of men; and there is universal testimony to the charm of little pigtailed. But the charm fails inversely with the pigtail's growth. The first serious undertaking of the Chinese youth, when he enters the native school-room, where he is tapped loudly on the skull when memory fails him, strikes us as no more than comic. We know that on the other side of the sphere most things are inverted; but nevertheless we do not readily entertain the fact that upside-down methods are for the greater part as practical there as our methods are here. Then, if we pursue the student in his strivings to fit himself for the ruling rank, solely by cramming himself with the classic verse and epigram of his tongue, he excites merely our intellectual contempt, even though he be learning all the wisdom of ages of his people that can be held in words. Meantime the unspirituality of his marriage and the religious doctrine that decrees it we find appalling, even if we grasp how this wonderfully virile and self-perpetuating doctrine of ancestor-worship has been the warp of the Chinese social fabric for thousands of years. Whether he now becomes merchant or mandareen, by our standards his career lies along low levels of highly cultivated artifice and artistic mendacity and concealment, illumined by little more than the usually perfect integrity in dollars and cents which seems to him the most profitable policy. Custom, fear, superstition and material gain ride him to the grave; and if he indulges extravagantly in friends it is with the certainty that they will indulge extravagantly in him; for friendship is in his creed as it is in the teachings of Socrates—a cold coöperation. There are Chinese who do not answer to this description; but marvelously few—in 1897. And until one realizes how few, one cannot realize the infinite inertia of that great empire which lies over against Russia like a vast bulk of lead.

So in verisimilar narratives, too long to trim stably without an appeal to deeper Caucasian sympathies, Caucasian elements must generally be introduced. This is what Mr. Rees has done; but his English girl who marries a Chinaman arouses little more than our curious pity. For, despite his unsurpassed mandareen dignity and his civet-cat cap and his gorgeous winter silks and the bland oil that runs in his veins, it is very Chinese to marry a Chinaman. A few such marriages have happened, and some comparatively high in the social scale; there seems to be nothing that has not happened. And Mr. Ralph has sketched a like conjunction. But we are apt to hold our tears for the things that, considered in their finer abstractions, might have happened to us. Miss Serjeant used to sit in her library, which we are told was "a nice shady place," and read as much as she could find about China. What book she could have read that would not have left the thought of living in China with a Chinese husband forever odious to a woman of ordinary delicacy, is certainly not in the Library of Congress; and it is not likely to have been written by an Englishman. Granted that Chun had embraced soap, and that Nellie Serjeant was motherless, and that her father was a weak rascal, and that Nellie was a fool, still the utter barbarousness in

person of any Chun, and the hopeless occultation of his soul, ought to make his English fiancée homesick in the shade of her own green-gage tree at Bayswater. But it is not as a story that the book is ponderable; as a novel it is crudely put, rambling and swamped with irrelevant matter, and the word "novel" might have been omitted from the title-page with greater justice to the author. Mr. Rees's primary intention was to give a picture of ways and means in Northern China; and he saw the clear advantage of the fiction method; but he lacks the art to weld descriptive detail lightly with romantic action.

By chance, it is the minutiae which make the book worth while; for Mr. Rees is neither a transitory swallow nor a missionary with a bias, which makes his position as an observer comparatively fresh. He tells of an American missionary who, inferentially, uses tobacco; but this is merely an unguarded Britishism, as British as the frequent protractions upon food and baths. His acquaintance with the Northern Chinamen—not our fighting Cantonese and Hakkah men, who are the only Celestials, outside of the motley of the legations, with whom we are familiar in America—seems intimate and long-suffering; and he dwells but shortly upon hackneyed points, recounting much that is new and vividly presented, especially the forlornness of life in inland towns like Pa-li Kiao. There is a deal of suggestiveness in the youthful Chun's first impressions of the modern city of Shanghai, where the English, French and Americans rule contiguous territories conceded by the Chinese, and where you may pass in an instant from the unutterable filth of the ancient walled city of Shanghai—far filthier than Canton—to the swept pavements and the Sikh policemen and telegraph wires and massive stone buildings of the occidentalized Shanghai, whither flock the coolies from all parts of the Kiangsu province, to enjoy the western liberty and justice. Chun attended the Foreign College at Peking; and the statement of how amicably the real facts of history and science lived on in his brain beside the incongruous traditions and superstitions of his native teachings is a most truthful touch, as well as that of his inability to put his new knowledge to any practical purpose. Howsoever faulty Mr. Rees's English is, and howsoever sluggish the movement of the tale, the book is faithfully Chinese in atmosphere and color, and will repay those for whom far Cathay has its fascinating spell.

The sensuality of Mr. Dawe's "Kakemonos" of the Far East (2) is not of the sallow and gangrene school, but is woven with a raw gusto that is rare, and that is quite distinct from the decayed æstheticism of a second-rate London artistic *entourage*. The "Kakemonos" are nine tales of the kind of life led by a proportion of English bachelors and others in Hong Kong and the treaty ports of Siam, China and Japan; a life made up of whiskey-and-soda, females and horses, and sometimes varied by substituting brandy for the whiskey. All but one of these might have been told in the stuffy smoking-room of an English mail-steamer on her way down the Formosa Channel, to a gathering of mixed nationality from which perhaps not so many hearers have withdrawn as might nevertheless decline to introduce the teller to the bosoms of their families. As an unwitting exposition of the moral workings of the debauchery formula of the Far East, the book would be of value to some sociological libraries; for its best-drawn character, though apparently without intention, is the hero who relates in the first person all but two of the stories—a creature of ceaseless prurience, with a secretion of cheap cynicism accurately fitted to his own peccability, and capable of pointing a smutty innuendo with a poke of the thumb. Six of the stories centre about women, some born white, others yellow and brown, but all off-color by the time Mr. Dawe has done with them, if not before; and two other tales in which women do not figure seem to fail of forcible crises by lack of the writer's unmitigated enthusiasm for the sort of thing in the other six.

As a general glimpse of life in that part of the world the book is one-sided, being somewhat overlaid with blood and revolvers and being unrelieved by a single character that rises to the level of one's admiration. There are many more clean-minded and decently bred Englishmen about Hong Kong and the treaty ports than one would gather from these pages, and some of them might have been used to advantage in laying on a more truthful background. But the hulking British bully who demolishes a flower-boat at Canton is from life, and is so well represented that one feels with some satisfaction that Canton is well able to dispose of his like. The theme of the marriage of a European to a Japanese woman, where the European is sincere, is so treated that considerable light touches the ostracism that befalls the European, though the reason of that might have been more fully developed. Another similar story, where Hina-San is deserted by a man to whom she has no legal ties, is, notwithstanding the disagreeable subject, carried on a level which is Mr. Dawe's best in this book, and which it would credit him more to maintain.

"The Historical Development of Modern Europe"

By Charles M. Andrews. Vol. I. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

DR. ANDREWS of Bryn Mawr belongs to the group of historians produced in recent years by Johns Hopkins University. So far as the world knows, his work heretofore has been in the field of old English economic history. From the dry details of ancient England's agricultural life, portrayed in his monograph on "The Old English Manor," Dr. Andrews passes with great facility to Europe in the nineteenth century. No two historical subjects could be more unlike, and it is all the more to the author's credit that his work on modern Europe, at present under review, will not only make his name known to the reading public, but will also add to the reputation for conscientious scholarship that he has already acquired among specialists.

The work is to be in two volumes, of which the first, now before us, carries the history of continental Europe up to about the year 1850. The author makes no claim to original research; he has relied for his facts chiefly on writers like Sybel. But his interpretation of these facts is independent, and his arrangement of them is novel and praiseworthy. In two introductory chapters he gives a clear *résumé* of the course of the French Revolution and of its inevitable result, the Napoleonic despotism. In the third chapter he describes the reconstruction of Europe at the Congress of Vienna, and follows the history of the European system down to the fall of Metternich, its chief exponent. This is an exceptionally good arrangement. It enables the author to follow the lines of diplomatic history without destroying the symmetry of the work, and also enables him to describe events such as the Greek revolution, which, though of importance, do not warrant special treatment in a work of this character. In his fourth chapter, Dr. Andrews discusses France under the Restoration; and in the two succeeding ones he describes the liberal movement in Italy and Germany. In his seventh and eighth chapters, the July Monarchy of the *bourgeois* Louis-Philippe and the French revolution of 1848 are treated. In the two final chapters, Dr. Andrews discusses the revolutionary movements in central Europe during this memorable year. These complicated occurrences are treated in an admirable manner. As a rule the reader cannot disentangle the various movements working for national independence and unity in Italy, for independence in Hungary, and for unity and democracy in Germany. By grouping all these complex events around Austria, Dr. Andrews not only makes their development clear, but has also found the true historic fact that gives unity and coherence to this intricate era. For it was Austria which had always opposed Italian unity and independence, Hungarian liberty and the unification and democratization of Germany. No praise can be too high for these excellent chapters.

From this brief account it will be seen that the book is not chronological, nor is it merely a series of essays; it has organic unity. For Dr. Andrews has preferred to study those movements that have made for progress rather than to describe events in detail, or to present all subjects with historical completeness. He devotes but little space to the Belgian revolution, or to internal affairs in the smaller European countries, because, as he says, "However interesting and important these events are in themselves, they had little part in bringing about the great changes in political thought and organization that have characterized the last sixty years." Thus the work differs essentially from that of Fyffe, and, though more scientific, does not by any means replace it. Dr. Andrews does not cover the whole field of European history, while Fyffe does. It is interesting to note that Dr. Andrews, who is a vehement opponent of Seeley's view that history proper is a residuum, has unconsciously in practice carried out Seeley's teachings. Not only does he treat solely political questions, but he has also adopted Prof. Burgess's course of distinguishing true historical facts by refraining from discussing those which have not made for progress. This is especially significant, as the title of the work is a very broad one.

Finally it must be noticed that Dr. Andrews views history, not from the individualistic, but from the social standpoint. Consequently, the reader will not find in his pages any detailed accounts of dramatic events, or any character-drawing. Those who do not look upon history as a science, who go to it, not for instruction, but for amusement, should beware of this book. Though we are heartily in sympathy with Dr. Andrews's standpoint, yet one criticism suggests itself. There is not sufficient narrative to make the explanation and discussion clear to the average reader. Dr. Andrews evidently presupposes in his readers a good knowledge of European history. Those having such a knowledge will find his book exceedingly profitable reading; those lacking it should first read Fyffe.

"The History of Mankind"

By Prof. Friedrich Ratzel. Transl. from the second German edition by A. J. Butler, M.A. With an introduction by E. B. Tyler. Illustrated. Vol. I. The Macmillan Co.

ANTHROPOLOGY, though not yet a science, is taking long strides toward that goal. For beginners there is no book so complete and succinct, as an introduction to the study of anthropology, as this work of Prof. Ratzel. The accumulation of material upon these pages is simply amazing. The first volume treats of the principles of ethnography, and of the races of Oceania and Australasia and of the Malays and the Melanesians. While this classification of men according to their dwelling-places on the surface of the earth is manifestly arbitrary, the more scientific method of classification by languages is too technical to be useful in a book of this sort. For a like reason a classification of the peoples of the world according to their bodily differences is at present impracticable. In his introduction Prof. Ratzel emphasizes two or three points that call for mention. In the first place, he considers it doubtful that the civilized peoples are the intellectual superiors of their primitive ancestors. When one considers the inventiveness and ingenuity of some peoples at the stage of primitive culture, and the amazing memories of others in a like condition, it must be granted that his point is well made. In the possibilities of moral degradation, some civilized peoples have equalled the lowest savages. The third point is open to more serious debate. It is nothing less than an assertion of a general permeation and fusion of all races on the globe. It may be true, as Prof. Ratzel observes, that America was discovered many times before the Northmen or the Spaniards touched upon its coasts, but what proof of the theory have we before us? In his introduction Prof. Tyler is careful not to commit himself to all the assertions and errors of this author, by whom this theory

of the general borrowing and loaning in primitive culture is carried to a point that does not seem to be scientific in spirit or in method.

What, then, constitutes the distinction between savage and civilized peoples? This, in the opinion of the writer of this book, that the savage lacks the means of retaining the accumulation of his experiences. He has no history. He does not profit by the past, and progress therefrom. It should be added that in some cases he retrogrades. "Rapid using up of the vital powers is characteristic of all the races in the lower stages of civilization." The reader may see reasons to dissent from any or all of these points. They are debatable, but substantially true, except probably the theory of a universal fusion of culture. Similarities of language, customs, arts and religions, should be assigned to the psychic unity of mankind. Given the same nature and similar environments, similar effects will arise. Primitive culture is characterized by two stages of development—imputation and personification. In the former stage man plants when the moon is waxing, that his crop may grow, and he believes that his moribund patient will die when the tide goes out. In the latter stage the man believes that fevers are caused by the breath of the god of the South, or that the spirit of the North breathes the frost and snow. In the Assyrian magical inscriptions we read of the red dog, the blue dog and the black dog, and in the incantations of the Cherokees, the blue dog, the red dog, the black dog, is each in turn invoked. Does anyone suppose that the Babylonians borrowed from the Cherokees, or that the Cherokees derived their system of therapeutics from the empire of Sargon?

Along the western shores of America, there evolved four hundred years ago the same sort of civilization as had been arrived at on the eastern shores of Asia and Africa, four thousand years ago. Only the Pacific Ocean knows the hidden things of the history of humanity. Nevertheless, the gigantic stone images of the Easter Islands are not congeners of the Mayan idols, or of the so-called Aztec art. This volume of "The History of Mankind" has not yet reached the point of any precise consideration of this matter. The social and political organizations, the customs, implements, dwellings, the arts and religions of these peoples, already designated, are described. The text is fairly turgid with material. There is no superfluous verbiage. Two features of the book trouble the reader: the illustrations are inserted almost wholly without reference to the letterpress; and some of the pictures are erroneously named. This the translator has begun to remedy in the list of illustrations given at the opening of the volume, but the corrections should have been made in the text. Moreover, to each picture should have been given its reference to the text. On page 61 reference is made to a "coloured plate, American Antiquities." The reviewer cannot find that plate; but in the colored plate "Weapons, Utensils, and Ornaments of American Indians," "figs. 7 and 8," to which allusion is made in the text, have nothing to do with the case. Notice is taken of this matter, for the pictures are a most valuable feature of this book. There are to be in the two volumes nearly, if not quite, 1200; and they are fresh, accurate and of singular importance. They have been well executed, like the book as a whole—that is, the mechanical part is admirable.

It is the editorial work that has been slipshod, or too hurried, and in a book of this importance it is a pity. The text should have been carefully analyzed by the translator, for at present the chapters and sections are too large for the enormous collection of data which has been compressed into them. For want of order the reader is at a loss where to turn for a point. A very full index will be something of a help in this particular, but will not take the place of an analysis prefixed to each chapter, and of topical notes along the margin of each page. Were not the book one of such extraordinary value, the reviewer would hesitate to ask for

greater care in its production. With all its faults, one only has been touched upon. Prof. Ratzel's book is not surpassed in its line—indeed, it is not equalled, and it will probably be years before it can be superseded. This English version therefore occupies an important place, and ought to be put in a form to be as useful as possible.

"Equality"

By Edward Bellamy. D. Appleton & Co.

IN "EQUALITY" Mr. Bellamy has incorporated, so he says, what was left out of "Looking Backward." It is an amplification of the descriptive details suggested by the latter, and is nowhere near so interesting a story. Indeed, those who expect a story will be disappointed. It is rather a minute review of the Republic of the Golden Rule, and by those who have not a saving sense of humor will be regarded as a serious forecast of that phase of socialism, called nationalism, which the author believes to be the twentieth-century goal of our present "sham democracy." It consists of interminable talk between automata with which we are already acquainted, and is supplemented by copious readings from age-yellow documents and histories relating to the "Revolution," and by many chapters of inspired recitation by twentieth-century school-children bearing on our quaint nineteenth-century stultification. It is plotless and of no calculable worth as a novel, although it is written with great care and extraordinary clearness.

Julian West, who, it will be remembered, woke from a trance after a hundred-odd years, in the underground chamber where the mesmerizer had left him, is enabled by his nineteenth-century nightmares to see everything in his new surroundings with new eyes. He tells his good resuscitator, Dr. Leete, and the latter's daughter Edith (whom he loves, in lieu of her great-grandmother), the incomprehensible story of his dream; and they, in turn, tell him the meaning of the puzzling, shameful facts of his former existence. Aside from his going to the bank, and unlocking his rusty old safe, and making little excursions with the family to view a nineteenth-century tenement-house and the other relics of an effete civilization, and the rides they take together in a motor carriage or a balloon, nothing in particular happens. It is true that on page 66 they decide to visit the great summer resorts and then to make a tour of Europe; but this promise of activity is not fulfilled. The rest is conversation, catechism, elucidation. The book deserves to be classed with Godwin's "Caleb Williams," in which various puppets creaked forth pedantic moralities about "simplification," but which was, nevertheless, a most popular book and a significant premonition of the French Revolution. In view of such facts it is vain, in the present instance, to remonstrate, "It's striking, but is it art?"

The symbol of Mr. Bellamy's nationalism, discovered by his hero on the dome of the State house, is the wheel of a windmill:—

"The mill stands for the machinery of administration, the wind that drives it symbolizes the public will, and the rudder that always keeps the vane of the mill before the wind, however suddenly or completely the wind may change, stands for the method by which the administration is kept at all times responsive and obedient to every mandate of the people, though it be but a breath."

For competition, except as the winners "to-day" are those who have done most to increase the general wealth and welfare, he substitutes coöperation. The principles of his enchanting fabric are that all human beings are equal in rights and dignity; that every man or woman is entitled to a living, which the state must guarantee as it does immunity from physical assault; and that the human unit is a cipher, and apart from its service to society has no right to anything. This appears from the obvious truth that the cleverest worker, if he were limited to his own product, would fare no better than a half-starved savage.

Just across the Common is that bulwark of the new regime, the Industrial Exchange. Every citizen elects an occupation which is suited to his personal taste. He puts a cross on the map to indicate the place where he would prefer to work, and his efficiency is rated by a governmental marking-system. The less attractive tasks are baited with special advantages of leisure. Those who attend to the sewers find these as clean, thanks to a new deodorizing apparatus, as are the streets. Those who are lazy and decline to do their quota of service are herded on an "Indian reservation," that perchance they may there devise a better social system than the existing one. Women wear masculine dress, and engage in the same occupation as the men. There are women engineers, carpenters, iron-workers—and dear wooden little Edith will be a farmer. They are physically much more vigorous than the poor creatures of the nineteenth century. If they were doomed to live then, they would beg to be reincarnated as scrub-women, rather than as wealthy women of fashion. Maternity is a mere bagatelle to them. Of rings and diamonds they know nothing, for these became obsolete when, in the reorganization of society, they lost their commercial value:—"Will you tell me who or what sets the fashions?" asks Julian, who has had occasion to blush (for himself) on the first appearance of Edith in mannish garb. "The Creator sets the only fashion which is now generally followed," Edith answers. "And what is that?" "The fashion of our bodies," she replies with Socratic insouciance.

And yet one can order any costume known to history at the big store. Clothes, even to shoes and waterproofs, are of paper, and cost from ten to twenty cents an outfit. There are no laundry bills. When a garment is soiled, it goes back to the mills to be made into something else. For rooms, only hard-finished surfaces are permitted. They are cleaned by turning the hose on ceiling, walls and floor. Cooking is done in paper vessels on wooden stoves—by means of hot stones. Since she has ceased to depend for her economic welfare on man's favor, woman's face is no longer her fortune. Women's names are no more affected by marriage than men's. Girls take the mother's last name with the father's as a middle name, while with boys it is the reverse. What is pure for the women is pure for the men. Women are no longer the sheet-anchor of the Church, or, in any sense, a peculiarly docile class. Indeed, there is little or no use for churches. The new culture "destroyed the soil of ignorance and superstition" which had supported them. Preaching is as free as hearing, and is open to all who have a message to deliver. The telephone and electro-scope, by abolishing distance as a hindrance to sight and hearing, enable people to enjoy in their homes the instruction of any teacher. One never goes even to the theatre. Through the medium of no special artist, he can see what is going on in all the kingdoms of the earth. West is privileged, by these inventions, to hear "Marion explain over-production," "Emily show the necessity of waste-pipes," "Esther count the cost of the profit system," and George disprove the existence of nineteenth-century political economists—in a school twelve miles away. At the afternoon session there is a discussion of "Protection and Free Trade; or, Between the Devil and the Deep Sea." The tedium of so much retrospection is relieved by a walk on the Common, in which West admires a heroic sculptured group of "The Strikers," who were his contemporaries. The anniversaries of battles and individual triumphs have long since been forgotten. As the flag has lost its significance as an emblem of defiance, it has gained a new meaning as the symbol of internal concord and mutuality. What most charms our nineteenth-century pilgrim is the idea of a social fund, whereby an equal share in the capital and income of the nation is guaranteed to each individual through life.

"Eritis sicut deus" is the purport of Mr. Bellamy's teachings, and that without bloodshed or gunpowder. The revo-

lutionary army of his imagination did not directly attack the fortress of capitalism, but so manoeuvred as to make it untenable and compel its evacuation. He intimates that the process began by the government assuming control of the railroads and telegraph. Beyond the mention of a "great revival" of ethical interest, and a "great bonfire" of property-certificates, there is no hint of the ways and means by which his Utopian dream might be realized. There are passages in the book that are calculated to aggravate the discontent which already abundantly exists among our workaday people. Edith may ask, ever so demurely, "Why did they not without a moment's delay put an end to the inequalities from which they suffered?" but the question leaves a sting and a suggestion. Nor is it reassuring to read that "strife for wealth and desperation of want kept in quenchless blaze a hell of greed and envy, fear, hate, revenge and every foul passion of the pit." Such talk as this, in the face of recent events, is incendiary, and can bode no profit for the multitude in hot weather. It was Burke who said that if you want to go anywhere, you must start from where you are. Mr. Bellamy paints an inaccessible ideal, filling its interstices and seams generously with a species of cheap socialistic balderdash that can only add to the rancor and hopelessness of the present situation. "We know a way," the agitators of his history cried, but the way does not appear. The major part of the book is an apocalyptic vision of absolute satisfactoriness. The remainder, except to discriminating minds, will be without harm only to those who can view it as an amusing satire.

The July Magazines

(Concluded from last week)

"Appletons' Popular Science Monthly"

THE FRONTISPIECE of this number is a portrait of the late Horatio Hale, the American ethnologist, whose death, on December 29 of last year, passed almost unnoticed by the American press, *The Critic* being practically the only paper in this country to pay tribute to his great achievements. The London *Times* and *Athenaeum* chronicled the passing away of this remarkable scientist with the eulogy that was his due, the obituaries in both papers being credited to the pen of Prof. Max Müller. *The Popular Science Monthly* is preëminently the periodical to do honor to Mr. Hale in the country of his birth, and it does it in an adequate and scholarly manner.—In an article on "Forecasting the Progress of Invention," Mr. William Baxter, Jr., sets out to demonstrate that we are too sanguine in predicting great revolutionary changes from the perfection of aerial navigation, electricity direct from coal, and the utilization of solar energy, tides, etc., that we expect more from them than they can by any possibility give.—Among the rest of the contents of this very interesting number, we note an editorial on "The Duke of Argyll on Evolution"; a paper on "The Principle of Economy in Evolution," by Edmund Noble, who shows that evolution, viewed apart from its secondary processes, may be summed up in the simple formula, movement in the direction of least resistance; and a paper on woman suffrage, by Ellen Coit Elliott.

"The Forum"

THIS NUMBER of *The Forum* is timely from beginning to end. Perhaps we ought to pay most attention to Mrs. A. P. Peabody's paper on William Wordsworth, but we prefer to call attention to ex-Governor Roswell P. Flower's denial of the feasibility of "Non-partisanship in Municipal Government" and the utter refutation of his argument by Senator Frank D. Pavey, who reviews "Mayor Strong's Experiment in New York."—The well-known German educator, Prof. Friedrich Paulsen of Berlin University, opens a series of two articles on "The Evolution of the Educational Ideal" with a discussion of the three types of the ideal which have become conspicuous among the modern nations of Europe—*vis.*, the clerical, the courtly and the civic. He gives an account of the vicissitudes of education from the Middle Ages to the establishment of the "humanistic gymnasium of the nineteenth century" in Germany.—Mr. Duncan Veazey, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the National Civil Service Association, calls attention to "a radical defect in our Civil Service law," namely, that the Act regulates entrance to the

Service only, and that there is no legal obstruction to removals. Commenting upon the necessity of providing by law for a tenure of office during good behavior, he says:—"If the independence which results from the certainty of tenure of office be essential for the judge, the great interests involved in the discharge of the duties imposed by law upon executive officers and their subordinates seem to demand a similar independence, or at least a tenure of office not dependent upon the fortunes of political warfare."

"The North American Review"

THE July number of *The North American* begins that periodical's eighty-third year. The opening pages are occupied by a number of letters from Gen. Grant to Elihu B. Washburne, for a short time his Secretary of State, and afterwards Minister to France. The letters, of which more are to follow, cover a period of eighteen years, and begin on 7 Nov. 1862. Gen. James Grant Wilson, who has edited these letters, prefixes a short introduction, and promises much material of historical importance, including Grant's views upon men and affairs in the foreign countries he visited, and on the character and result of British rule in India, which seems to be threatened once more by dark and troublous days.—Elizabeth Bisland answers the question, "Are American Parents Selfish?" in the affirmative, comparing their extravagance with the thrift of European parents, which not only provides the daughters with a dowry, but, if possible, gives the sons a financial nest-egg as well. With us, "the parent is quite willing to share with the child the goods of existence as far as he can achieve them, but he is unwilling to deny either child or himself that the child may benefit alone, or after he is gone."

Magazine Note

THE JUNE *McClure's* contains a biographical sketch, with portraits, of the late Prof. Henry Drummond; chapters IX and X of the Log of the Mayflower, in which Governor Bradford relates the voyage across and the first landing and settlement of the Pilgrims on the shores of Cape Cod Bay; a series of portraits of Andrew Jackson; and stories by Robert Barr (a rather weak one), A. Conan Doyle and Anthony Hope.

Notes from Paris

THE UNTIMELY DEATH of Wolcott Balestier, a few years ago, seemed to have brought a quietus to the English Library, the briefly formidable rival of the perennial Tauchnitz Edition, but, after two or three years of quiescence, the firm of Heinemann & Balestier, as it is still known, appears to be active again. Since January, three or four new volumes have been added to the catalogue of the collection, Kipling's "Jungle Book" and Anthony Hope's "Prisoner of Zenda" being the latest; and the Leipzig manager informs me that still others may be expected.

The four pastels which Rosa Bonheur has been publicly exhibiting for a few days this month are notable in several ways. To begin with, this is the first time in many years that the recluse of Fontainebleau has given Paris an opportunity to admire any of her works; secondly, four large crayons executed since January speak well for the physical vigor of a woman now past seventy-five; and lastly, the picture representing a herd of bisons browsing on a snow-clad plain—a most excellent bit of art and far superior to the other three subjects—was composed from sketches made of the animals attached to Buffalo Bill's troop when the "Colonel," whom Rosa Bonheur often visited, was here in 1889.

Mr. Paul Bartlett held a continuous reception during a recent Sunday at his Passy studio, when he exhibited his heroic-sized Columbus, completed in plaster. It is now on the way to New York, where it will be put into bronze and shown before being sent to Washington. It is unquestionably an exceedingly fine piece of work, full of strength and originality. The same artist's Michael Angelo is rapidly approaching completion and will soon be placed, along with the Columbus, in the new Congressional Library.

Mr. Edwin Lord Weeks has returned to Paris with high praise of the Munich exhibition, where he went as the American delegate. He says that the royal authorities have treated the American pictures with marked attention, and that our display, which comes almost wholly from the studios of the American artists in Paris, is worthy of these honors. Mr. Alexander Harrison informs me that several members of this prolific Paris group have sent canvases not only to Munich, but to Venice and Leipzig, where art exhibitions are also being held this summer.

Senator Fabre's "Joan of Arc" is now being given at the Odéon Theatre, and its unquestioned success is due in no small measure to the remarkable talent of Mme. Weber, who appears in the title rôle. Miss Ada Rehan, who is to take the same part in this same play in New York, next autumn, is expected to come over from London in a few days in order to study Mme. Weber's creation. The play has been greatly improved by judicious pruning since it was given a few years ago on the Châtelet stage, and I understand that Mr. Daly's adaptation will render it still better.

Mr. Henry Vignaud, the learned Secretary of our Embassy here, has long been engaged on a work, which, if the original plan is carried out, will be a complete history of the discovery and settlement of America down to the present day. So far he has about finished the first volume, a bulky one, which covers the pre-Columbian voyages, speculations and journeys leading up to the great event of 1492. Mr. Vignaud's book is not of a narrative nature, but strictly critical and commentarial, intended rather for the scholar than the general reader. It was for the writing of this history that Mr. Vignaud made his large and important collection of Americana, which, librarians would do well to mark, will be in the market some day.

Sir Edmund Monson's remarkable address on Washington, issued in pamphlet-form, by the American University Dinner Club, has been so favorably received, that the Committee has decided to print a second pamphlet, to be entitled "French and American Universities," and to contain four speeches, delivered at the Club's banquets held during the past season, by three distinguished members of the French Academy, MM. Brunetière, Lemaître and Lavissee. The original French will be given on one page and a translation opposite; a preface, by the undersigned, will hit off the salient characteristics of the trio of Academicians, while the whole will be handsomely printed by the Oxford University Press, that model of English typography. There will be two short addresses by M. Brunetière—one devoted to the French, and the other to the American universities. The latter, which was delivered last month, just after M. Brunetière's return from the United States, contains a gem of his style of oratory—the reiteration of his strictures on Zola pronounced at New York. While enumerating the short list of good qualities of "The Master of Naturalism," the orator's manner, voice and expression were of honeyed sweetness and lamblike gentleness, but when he reached the many shortcomings of Zola, a complete change came over him. Gesture, intonation and physiognomy grew more and more violent, and when he reached his climax—a defense of the French peasant "from whom we have all sprung,"—it was a veritable oratorical triumph, the whole tableful of guests being transported by this burst of passionate eloquence. It was at this moment that I was reminded of Wendell Phillips, and I think it may be truly said that Ferdinand Brunetière resembles, in many ways besides his oratory, the great Bostonian.

A rather amusing fact, which has not been made public in connection with this dinner, is worth relating. The Committee got the impression that M. Brunetière could not attend, and so invited M. Zola, who sent the following note in reply:—"Paris, May 19, 1897. Alas! dear sir, I cannot be with you, for I am leaving town to-morrow for the country where I need very much to take a rest. I am greatly disappointed at this, but I beg of you nevertheless to believe me cordially and devotedly yours, ÉMILE ZOLA."

The Committee breathed more freely after receiving this regret, for scarcely had the invitation been sent to M. Zola when a delayed acceptance came from M. Brunetière! It was quite enough to have at the same table with M. Brunetière, M. Jules Lemaître, believed to be one of the faithful few who always vote for M. Zola every time his name is brought up for election at the Academy. But if M. Zola had been there, too, it is highly probable that "a tempest in a tea-pot" would not be the term to apply to what might have happened.

M. Jules Lemaître, by the way, is busy on a drama in nine tableaux, entitled "Un Aventurier," which will probably be brought out at the Porte Saint-Martin next winter, and on another play in four acts, "L'Ainée," written for the Théâtre Français.

Another dramatist—M. Henri Meilhac—has been cut short in the midst of his labors by a temporary physical collapse. He leaves unfinished a three-act play, written for Mme. Réjane, and has not even begun a short story, "M. de Boistulbé," long ago promised to M. Louis Ganderax, editor of the *Revue de Paris*. [M. Meilhac died on July 6. See Notes.—EDS. CRITIC.]

PARIS, 19 June 1897.

THEODORE STANTON.

An Old Man's Prayer

"AND GOD SAID, LET THERE BE LIGHT"

O God! to Thee I cry—
Most High and Holy!
Look with a human eye
On me, the lowly.
Let Thy great heart be stirred;
Let Thy great voice be heard;
Speak Thou some certain word
Clearly and slowly.

So shall I know it Thine
O'er priests intoning;
So shall I make it mine
O'er schoolmen droning
Down through the ages long,
Each with his thesis strong
Proving his neighbor wrong,
Proving and—stoning.

Lo! with Sir Galahad
Saw I the gleaming;
Followed; then, worn and sad,
Woke from the dreaming;
Sought earthward for the Grail—
What could my quest avail?
What could I do but fail
Where all is seeming?

Lo! I have sought Thee through
Sound, art and story;
Found what the wistful few
Find transitory;
Saw that the ladder fair
Endeth at last in air,
Leaving the climber there
Cold in his glory.

Lo! I have sought Thee through
Long years of yearning;
Learned what the bolder few
Learn in unlearning;
Learned what the Master learned;
Spurned what the Master spurned;
Turned where He never turned—
Humanlike turning.

Lo! with the seasons I
Lived near to Nature;
Scanned water, earth and sky,
Scanned every feature;
Learned how her mighty laws
Move on in some vast cause
Blindly and without pause,
Heeding no creature.

Lo! I have oft rebelled—
Yea, have denied Thee;
Thou hast my spirit quelled
When I defied Thee.
None else hath made me bow,
None may subdue me now;
I will that only Thou
Rule me or guide me.

Lo! I have long aspired—
Thou hast not blest me.
Lo! I am very tired—
When shall I rest me?
God! art thou anywhere?
God! is Thy face so fair?
God! is Thy justice there?—
Thou hast opprest me.

Father! to Thee I cry
As a child crieth;
Look with a loving eye
Low where he lieth:
Bend Thou in all Thy might;
Rend Thou the roof of night;
Lend Thou more light, more light—
Lend ere he dieth.

THOMAS FRANKLIN WATSON.

The Lounger

IT WAS A proud moment for Mr. R. Newton Crane, President of the American Society in London, when he took his seat at the head of the board, at the Fourth of July dinner, last Monday evening; for the attendance and oratory easily eclipsed anything that had been seen or heard at previous gatherings of the colony. Ambassador Hay, Special Envoy Reid, Bishops Whipple and Potter and many others spoke in the happiest vein. It fell to Mr. Crane's lot to toast the Queen, and to Bishop Whipple's to celebrate the President; and both toasts were drunk standing and amid tumultuous cheers. Mr. Hay avowed that America wanted war with no land, and least of all with England; and on the same day ex-Ambassador Bayard, speaking at Independence Hall in Philadelphia, declared that during his four years' official sojourn in England he had heard no word and seen no act of ill-will or disrespect for this country. All this should indicate an "era of good feeling."

THE PRESIDENT has chosen wisely in selecting for Minister to Greece so accomplished a diplomat as Mr. W. W. Rockhill. The very excellence of the appointment, however, is one reason why it should not have been made; for Mr. Rockhill, when his resignation from the State Department was secured, last spring, had worked his way up to the very important position of First Assistant Secretary of State, in which capacity his services would have been of the highest value to the present administration. It is of the utmost consequence that at least one high official—the higher the better—should remain undisturbed in each department of the Government, when the head of the department is changed for political reasons, and the removal of Mr. Rockhill to make room for a personal friend and neighbor of the new President must be regretted by all who believe in the principle of Civil Service Reform. Mr. Rockhill, who has been in the service of the State Department since 1884, is no less distinguished as a traveller and author than as a diplomat.

PROF. HARRY THURSTON PECK, who conducts *The Bookman's* "Letter Box," writes in the July number:—"A lady asks us who are the great American humorists. If she means great humorists who are dead and gone, we refer her to any standard work on American literature. If she means great humorists who are living and still producing good humorous work, we answer sadly but conscientiously that there are none."

THIS IS sheer modesty on the part of Prof. Peck, for, since Mark Twain took to writing historical novels, he himself has succeeded to the laurels of the inventor of the Jumping Frog. Does he not conduct a humorous department in the pages of *The Bookman*? For where will you find more humor to the square inch than in these answers to correspondents? Again, Prof. Peck ignores his humorous contributor, Prof. W. C. Wilkinson, who in this very number of *The Bookman* prints one of the most side-splitting of his series of humorous papers on Keats's poetry. In this particular paper this funny Prof. Wilkinson tells us that the "Ode to a Nightingale" is "no true poem." It has, however, some poetry in it. Prof. Peck, with his condemnation of education (see the first page of this number), and Prof. Wilkinson with his rewritings of Keats, have done much to add to the gaiety of nations. Modesty is a good thing to have in moderation, but Prof. Peck carries it too far.

THIS IS A DAY of new things, even if it be only a day of small things. Mr. Howells assures us we have outgrown Thackeray; Prof. Wilkinson (a gentleman whose intention of going to France

to interview Littré was announced some years after the great lexicographer's death) has discovered that Keats didn't know how to write odes; and now Mr. Le Gallienne has become dissatisfied with FitzGerald's translation of Omar Khayyám, and has made a new rendering of the "Rubáiyát," for his own use and ours. A hundred stanzas of this new version have been sent to *The Cosmopolitan*, whose editor has been permitted by Mr. Le Gallienne to print as many of them as he chooses. Some thirty stanzas are published in the July number, and a second instalment will appear in August. The editor intimates that, as some of his "more than a million and a half of readers" are young and some old, he has had to suppress certain stanzas and parts of stanzas; the result being, he admits, unfair to the translator. Thus we have, in the case of one stanza, only the first two lines:—

"O listen, love, how all the builders sing!
O sap! O song! O green world blossoming!
* * * * *

Mr. Walker gives all the text that's fit to print; the rest of this particular stanza is too awful. If his readers had numbered less than 1,500,000, or had all been of mature age, he would not have had to suppress the third and fourth lines. As it is, we must wait till the new version appears in book-form; then what a mob there will be to see the suppressed stanzas and parts of stanzas! If, in addition, the services of Mr. Comstock can be secured on the day of publication, to "suppress" the book, a large edition can be floated on the strength of these expurgations.

AS TO THE QUALITY of Mr. Le Gallienne's new rendering, it is by no means unpoetic. The most attractive thing about it is its close resemblance to FitzGerald's. He has caught the manner of the master, and paraphrased his work with considerable skill. Where he sticks closest to the familiar version, he is at his best; where he departs farthest from it, he is at his worst. If FitzGerald had not translated Omar, this version would have made a name for the translator; but then, of course, it would not have been made at all, for it owes more to FitzGerald than to the Persian. What we should like to have next is a new version of "In Memoriam," by Mr. Le Gallienne and Prof. Wilkinson. The former could do the writing, and the latter explain why it was so much better than Tennyson's.

MR. EDMUND HORT NEW has made for the Bodley Head edition of "The Compleat Angler" the most attractive illustrations that I have ever seen in any edition of this ever delightful book. Perhaps the fact that Mr. New was born in the picturesque village of Evesham on the Avon, within a few miles of the even more picturesque village of Broadway, accounts, in part, for the love of art that he developed at an early age. Finding this portrait of Mr. New in *The Sketch*, I have taken the liberty of reproducing it for the benefit of those of my readers who have been charmed by his illustrations of old Izaak's immortal work.



ONE WOULD scarcely believe that this portrait of a man with sombrero on head and machete in hand was that of a peace-loving,



COL. RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON

law-abiding author. He looks much more like a Cuban insurgent, and yet he is none other than Col. Richard Malcolm Johnston, the well-known Southern writer, drawn by Mr. J. H. Garnsey for *The Alkahest*, from which little periodical I am permitted to reproduce it.

A RECENT NUMBER of *The Publishers' Weekly* contains this astonishing announcement:—

"LIBRARY OF CONGRESS,
"COPYRIGHT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C. }
"No. 5943C.—To wit: *Be it remembered*, That on the 19th day of January, 1897, J. S. P. Alcott, Son of Author, of Concord, Mass., has deposited in this office the title of a book, the title or description of which is in the following words, to wit: 'An Old-Fashioned Girl. By Louisa M. Alcott. With Illustrations. Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1897,' the right whereof he claims as proprietor in conformity with the laws of the United States respecting copyrights. A. R. SPOFFORD, Librarian of Congress.

"In renewal from June 16, 1897."
When was Miss Louisa M. Alcott married, and to whom?

MY PREDICTION that the establishment of a cheap cab system by the Pennsylvania Railroad was the beginning of the end of the old régime of high prices for hacks in this city, has been confirmed more promptly than I dared to anticipate; for the New York Central has already announced that next fall will probably see the establishment of a similar system at the Grand Central Railway Station. Considering the immense number of arrivals at and departures from that station daily, this would be an even more effectual blow at high prices than the Pennsylvania's—though that had the advantage of being first.

THE FACT THAT *The Critic's* recent list of the best twelve stories of American authorship is reprinted in *Womankind*, reminds me that only one woman's name occurred either in the winning list (in which more than one story was allowed to a single author) or that in which only one story by each author was named. In each list the woman's name was the same, being that of Miss Mary E. Wilkins. In the former list the story was "The Revolt of Mother"; in the latter, "A Humble Romance."

A Dramatic Venture

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" AT SMITH COLLEGE

MR. FRANKLIN SARGENT of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts asserts that he had never seen the illusion of being a man so evenly sustained in a play by women as in the presentation of "The Merchant of Venice" by the Seniors of Smith College, this last Commencement week. The play affords less scope for the delicate and poetic atmosphere which college girls are especially equipped to give in such a play as "As You Like It" or "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Perhaps no play of Shakespeare offers more difficulties and fewer rewards to the college amateur than this somewhat top-heavy, Shylock-ridden comedy. Almost any straightforward tragedy, any play having fixity of atmosphere, having recurrence, emphasis and culmination in a single direction, would have been a less trying test. A play unilluminated from beginning to end with humor, or whim, or casket scenes, or Gobbos, would have been easier to handle.

Making due allowance for the handicap, the presentation of the play was more significant than any that has preceded it, because the audacity of the thing did not meet with the public rebuke and failure that had been stored up for it by the wise and looked forward to by the foolish for the last six months. They were all there, of course, and many a prophet stole softly away, when all was over, to form a new theory about tragedy and amateurs and college girls; to give forthwith one more inch, perchance, of standing room on this special little planet for men, to what is known as the Female Mind. The Shylock of Miss Gertrude Dyar, while it lacked in reserve of power at certain points, was in other respects an extraordinary performance. The support, with the usual inevitable exceptions, was more than excellent; and the players were so well-trained, apparently so imbued with the spirit of the play as a whole, that they were almost all of them capable of taking each other's parts at a moment's notice. To have Shakespearean conception and enthusiasm is not uncommon, but to have enough enthusiasm to do the drudgery and to keep the enthusiasm up long enough to carry through a play like "The Merchant of Venice" into something more than a fond-mama and fond-papa success, is an achievement that entitles Miss Ludella Peck, who is at the head of the Department of Expression at Smith, to no small part of the honor that is bound to come to those who stake their works as well as their faith on the serious capabilities of the amateur in dramatic art. Mr. Alfred Young, the Director in charge, has made so many unexpected people year after year carry off the honors of the Senior Play, that it would be hard to overestimate the value of the kind of work he can do with players who are in earnest enough to make his trouble worth while.

It still remains to be proved whether a man-tragedy, without a touch of irony in it, like Portia for instance, or a suspicion of light comedy flickering around the edges, can be adequately given by an average class of two hundred college girls. It could only be a rare class that could expect to find within its ranks (speaking of tragedy) as many as two or three dramatic geniuses—to act as centres of deceit, to keep up the terrible, relentless male illusion; and while a mock-man like the Prince of Arragon, or a man *ex officio* like Rosalind, or a "Midsummer Night's Dream" man like Oberon, is quite possible without genius, and while a man in intrigue is possible and a man in love is possible (for love is comedy), it is going to be best, except under special conditions, to bear in mind, yet a little longer, that there may be a limit for the feminine man and the play of the feminine man's choosing. Are we indeed to be solved so easily—we who have been the Head of the Woman, these safe 4000 years? Is there nothing about men that will need to be left to the men themselves? Have we in very truth no distinctive moments, no colossally serious moods in which perchance we may claim to be, even yet, as mysteriously, impregnably masculine as our wives and sisters are tracklessly feminine? Ever and anon across the old eternal line of sex they look into our faces a few short years and we into theirs. But do they know us—these faces? Do we know them? Do they not keep their secret even from

themselves? Shall we not keep ours? With our Rosalind lovers and our girl Shylocks and our Portia Bellarios, we move on apace; but a woman's a woman (thank Heaven), and a man's a man, for a' that.

GERALD STANLEY LEE.

NORTHAMPTON, Mass., 27 June 1897.

London Letter

THE GREAT DAY of Empire has passed, eminently satisfactorily, and has brought with it, naturally enough, a flood of commemorative literature. Not since the outburst of singing which followed the death of Tennyson have the poets been so busy in England. Almost every paper had its Jubilee Ode, and many and various were the voices raised. It is, at the outset, a matter for regret that each of the two poets best equipped to sing of an event of such national and imperial importance should have been silent. We have had nothing from Mr. Rudyard Kipling, nor from Mr. W. E. Henley. On the other hand, we have been spared the rambling utterances of the "minim potes," as Mr. Seaman calls them, and a very respectable level of literature has been maintained. Sir Lewis Morris, in *The Academy*, sang as he always sings, clearly, blithely, and with a certain decorous restraint. The Poet Laureate, remembering that he has always done his best with rural themes, attempted to combine his eulogy with little pictures of the countryside: the effect was that, perhaps, of an inconsistent mosaic, but there were some good patches of color. Vigor, sincerity and the true imperial spirit breathed through the verses of E. Nesbit (Mrs. Herbert Bland), who has now, by two successive odes of remarkable ability, raised herself to high rank among contemporary singers. Even Mr. Francis Thompson threw off some of his growing tendency to grotesque elaboration, and became for the moment more humane, if not altogether convincing. His whole temperament, however, is radically averse from that of the courtier, and he would probably be well advised not to attempt a note for which he has apparently no sincere inclination. Finally, we come to the best of all the poems, Mr. Austin Dobson's "Ballade of the Queen's Majesty" in *The Saturday Review*. Considering that Mr. Dobson has generally occupied himself with themes more delicately homely, less widely heroic, it is remarkable to notice the success with which he changes the lyre for the trumpet when the occasion calls upon him. No one forgets his stirring "Ballade of the Armada," no one will forget his contribution to the literature of the Jubilee. It has a manly loyalty, a forthright sincerity, and it shows that poetry may still be the work of a courtier who has not learnt to be a sycophant. By such a dignified performance one is reminded anew that Mr. Austin Dobson would be almost an ideal Poet Laureate. What he may possibly lack in the broad imperial spirit, he would abundantly repay in the tact and discretion which do not always accompany enthusiasm. In an earlier generation his qualities would have assured him the post, if, as is by no means certain, he would have been disposed to accept it. It is at any rate something to have deserved it.

Apart from poetry, a good deal of the Jubilee literature is likely to be considerably belated. Mr. Holmes's important book on the Queen's Life, which has the advantage of Her Majesty's sanction, is delayed for additional material. Mr. Cyril Davenport's handsome volume on the Regalia, with Mr. Griggs's lithographic reproductions, will not be ready till next week. Mr. W. A. Lindsay, the Windsor Herald, is putting the finishing touches to his important History of the Royal Household from 1837 to 1897, which is also produced under the patronage of the Queen. And there are other smaller works which, one would think, need hurrying forward to catch the passing spirit of the hour. And yet, not so—for there are many evidences that the rejoicings of the year are not to be confined to a week, or even to a month. Once more we have something like a Court in London, and prospective engagements stretch far in advance. There is plenty of time yet for celebrating the "record reign."

One or two of the oldest established firms have reprinted in this week's *Athenaeum* their advertisement-pages of June 1837. They make interesting reading, and the list of Mr. John Murray, at any rate, is consoling to authorship. At least half the books which he was offering to the public sixty years ago have remained in print ever since, and have continued in steady demand. Of whose list shall the same be said sixty years hence? It were vain to prophecy, but surely, the life of a book is gradually growing shorter. Or is the "literary output" steadily deteriorating? Whichever view you support is sufficiently cheerless.

LONDON, 25 JUNE 1897.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Napoleon's Correspondence

M. LÉON LECESTRE, Curator of the French Archives, has quite recently issued the first volume of 300 letters, which were suppressed by the editors of Napoleon's correspondence, issued in 1869, as not calculated to increase the glory of the French Emperor. The volume includes some heated family letters and some rigorously worded epistles to Fouché and Dubois, the Ministers of Police and War. A letter to Marshal Soult in 1804 shows that Napoleon did not hesitate to adopt any means for obtaining confessions. He orders Soult to arrest a fisherman suspected of communicating with the British, adding:—"If he refuses to speak, you must squeeze his thumbs in a musket-lock." Napoleon's list of persons to be arrested was endless, and his abuse of Mme. de Staël unceasing. Learning in 1807, through Marshal Victor, that Prince Augustus of Prussia was intriguing against him in Berlin, Napoleon wrote:—

"I am not astonished, because he has a dull mind and has spent his time courting Mme. de Staël at Coppet, and, of course, could only pick up bad habits with her. Send word to him that at the first mischievous remark he utters you will lock him up in his castle and send Madame de Staël to console him. There are no men so cringing as these princes of Prussia."

Writing to Talleyrand in 1808 that princes of the former reigning family of Spain were about to arrive at Valençay, Napoleon added:—"You may send for Madame Talleyrand and four or five persons. If the Prince of Asturias should form an attachment for a pretty person it will be no drawback, as it would supply another means of watching him." Another letter from Napoleon to Talleyrand reads:—"Your mission is honorable enough—to receive three illustrious personages and amuse them—and is quite in keeping with your character."

When Napoleon received the news, on 11 June 1809, that the Pope had excommunicated him, he wrote:—"I spare the Pope no longer. He is a raving madman and must be locked up." There are some scolding letters to his brother, Prince Jerome.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

THE Secretary of the Treasury has issued regulations carrying into effect the Tarsney act, which authorizes him to obtain plans and specifications for public buildings by competition among architects who are citizens of the United States. Under these regulations at least five architects will be requested to submit competitive plans, etc., which will be examined by a commission consisting of the Supervising Architect of the Treasury and two architects or experts in construction, who will report to the Secretary. The successful competitor will receive in compensation for his full professional services, including local supervision of the building, a fee computed at the rate of 5 per cent. on all sums up to \$500,000, 3½ per cent. on the next \$500,000 or any part thereof, and 2½ per cent. on any excess beyond \$1,000,000. The Department, however, reserves the right to reject any or all plans. The Supervising Architect's office will furnish all data as to cost and general requirements, and a competent superintendent of construction, whose qualifications shall be passed upon by the architect. All designs of unsuccessful competitors will be returned to them, and no use will be made of any of the drawings not accepted, or of any part that may be original, without consent of the author. The first buildings to be erected on these competitive plans will be at Camden, N. J., and Norfolk, Va.

—The bronze bust of the late Dr. Abraham Coles of Newark, presented to the city by his son, Dr. J. Ackerman Coles, was unveiled in Washington Park, in that city, on July 5, with appropriate ceremonies.

Education

The Oldest City in the World

THE LONDON *Times* pays a deserved tribute to the achievements of the University of Pennsylvania's expedition to Babylonia, where monuments have been unearthed of much earlier date than any others yet discovered. We quote from the opening and closing paragraphs of the article referred to:—

"To have unearthed the ruins of the oldest city in the world, the foundations of which were laid some six or seven thousand years before the Christian era, is a reward of which an explorer might indeed be proud. Such good fortune seems to have fallen to the lot of Mr. Haynes, who for nearly five years has been in

charge of the American expedition engaged in excavating the great mounds of Nuffar, in Northern Babylonia, the site of the ancient city of Nippur, the sacred city of Mullil, or the 'Older Bel' of the Semites. The history of the expedition which since 1888 has worked upon this site is a remarkable one; and its great work has been so quietly done that it has attracted but little attention except among students of Assyriology. The work was undertaken by the University of Pennsylvania, the funds, which have amounted to about \$70,000, being provided by a small committee interested in the work. * * *

"We have been able to give only a brief account of the wonderful work of this campaign, which reflects so much credit on its organizers and, above all, on Mr. Haynes. For thirty-two months he lived alone among the wildest Arab tribes in Mesopotamia, in an atmosphere of fever varied with cholera. One determined, but fortunately unsuccessful, attempt was made upon his life; yet amid all these surroundings he lived and did the work of three men. It is no overpraise to say that Mr. Haynes is justly entitled to take his place in the front ranks of explorers along with those who have restored to us the first chapters of the world's history."

Prof. Lane

GEORGE MARTIN LANE, Pope Professor Emeritus of Latin at Harvard University, who died in Cambridge on June 30, was born in Charlestown, Mass., on 24 Dec. 1823. He was educated in the schools of Cambridge, and graduated from Harvard in the class of 1846, among his classmates being Profs. Charles Eliot Norton and Francis J. Child and Senator Hoar. After teaching in Cambridge for a year, Mr. Lane went to Germany, where he spent four years studying at the universities of Berlin and Göttingen, taking the degree of Ph.D. at the latter. He was appointed Professor of Latin at Harvard in 1851, and elected Pope Professor in 1869. He resigned the latter professorship in 1894, when the Corporation of Harvard elected him Professor Emeritus and bestowed the degree of LL.D. upon him. Prof. Lane acted for a short time as Registrar of the University, and subsequently as Dean of the Faculty.

Prof. Lane's name will rank with that of the other great men who have given Harvard her lustre, such as Agassiz, Lowell, Child. His influence, so far as his own branch was concerned, did not stop at the University, but spread wherever Latin was taught in this country; he did, moreover, much to foster the study of English by his students. He was gifted with a rich and sunny sense of humor.

The Egypt Exploration Fund

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

In the very intelligent review of Maspero's "The Struggle of the Nations," in to-day's *Critic*, is the expression "Since the London Committee of the Egypt Exploration Fund has ignored the wishes of American subscribers," etc. That Committee, inspired by perhaps 150 letters from our subscribers, did call for a vote from our 600 subscribers whether to approve the appointment in London of the American Committee or not; but before steps were taken to take such a *plébiscite*, that Committee resigned. So all now is *in statu quo*, either *ante bellum*, or *ante committum*.

Let me gallantly add that M. L. McClure has done *her* "work with learning and judgment." Indeed, as we had a Miss Edwards, so now we have a Mrs. McClure, a Mrs. Griffith, a Miss Brodrick and a Mrs. Buckman following in her footsteps.

WILLIAM C. WINSLOW,
BOSTON, June 26. Vice-Prest. Egypt Exploration Fund.

Educational Notes

THE Egypt Exploration Fund has begun to publish, through the Oxford University Press, part of the collection of *logia*, or sayings, of Christ, reproduced from an odd leaf of a papyrus book found on the edge of the Libyan Desert by Messrs. Bernard P. Grenfell of Queens College and A. S. Hunt of Magdalen College, Oxford. The sayings are detached and without context, and each begins with the words, "Jesus saith." The collection was probably made at the end of the first or the beginning of the second century, and the leaf is said to be the earliest Christian document, antedating presumably by a century any existing manuscript of the Gospels. The writing (uncials) is very clear. The leaf is numbered page 11, and measures 5 1-2 by 3 1-2 inches.

At the Commencement of the University of Michigan, on July 1, the degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon Prof. Eduard Woelfflin of the University of Munich. Prof. Woelfflin's contributions have given him a place in the first rank of living Latinists. His association with the project of compiling a new Thesaurus of the Latin language has brought him into contact with many American scholars. The higher academic distinctions are primarily intended to give fitting recognition to men whose attainments in some domain of scholarship are eminent; in cases such as this there must inevitably result a tendency to draw still closer the bonds that, in this enlightened age, unite scholars of all nationalities into a common brotherhood.

The annual meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa, Alpha of Massachusetts, was held at Cambridge on July 1, the following officers being elected: President, James C. Carter; Vice-President, Charles Eliot Norton; Secretary, W. C. Lane. The original charter to the Harvard Chapter, which had been lost for more than a century and was lately recovered in Virginia, was restored by Col. William Lamb of that state. The following honorary members were elected: Irving Babbitt, Ripley Hitchcock, Rudolph C. Lehmann, Capt. A. T. Mahan and the Hon. W. L. Wilson.

Referring to the honorary degree of D.C.L. recently bestowed upon Mr. E. L. Godkin by Oxford, the London *Daily News* says:—"He is the first journalist to receive such a mark of distinction from an English university. No American paper has a higher reputation than *The Evening Post* of New York for courage, honesty and intellectual force. Mr. Godkin is a brilliant ornament of the American press, and the University could not have found a man who would more worthily represent its best side."

Prof. F. N. Scott of the University of Michigan has started a Museum of Student Composition, to be composed of series of essays written by students in secondary schools. He invites the co-operation of teachers of English in all parts of the country. A circular of instructions will be sent upon application.

Eighty-five new members were recently elected by the Executive Committee of the New York Zoological Society. The first number of an occasional publication, the *News Bulletin*, has been issued by the Society, as a means of securing friends and funds. The Executive Committee may hold, next winter, a series of competitive exhibitions of paintings and sculptures of American wild animals, with medals and cash prizes.

Papers have been filed for the incorporation of a society for the advancement of sociology, history and literature, the incorporators being Charles Sprague Smith, Edwin R. A. Gould, R. Fulton Cutting, George Tomblinson and Edward Thimme. The Directors are Everit Macy, Howard Mansfield, R. Heber Newton, E. D. Page, Charles B. Spahr, Charles Sprague Smith, J. G. Phelps Smith, Edward Thimme and George Tomblinson. The purpose of the People's Institute, as the society may be called, is to provide sound and continuous instruction in the subjects enumerated. One feature will be free public discussion of questions of the day.

Miss Juliet Corson, the "Mother of American Cookery," who died on June 18, was born in Boston in 1842. She devoted her life to the study and teaching of cooking, especially for the poor, and founded in 1876 the New York School of Cookery. Her works on the subject still hold their popularity.

An important change has been effected at the National Museum in Washington, by which the various departments are divided into three sections—anthropology, biology and geology. Head curators, with a salary of \$3500 a year each, have been appointed from the present personnel to take charge of each section, as follows: Anthropology, Prof. W. H. Holmes, formerly of the Field Columbian Museum of Chicago; Biology, Dr. Frederick W. True, Executive Curator of the Museum, which office he will retain; Geology, Dr. George P. Merrill, Professor of Geology in the Columbian University and a well known authority on geological matters.

Mrs. Harriot Stanton Blatch, who recently terminated a series of lectures on "The Economic Position of Women," at Vassar College, will probably be appointed a non-resident lecturer at that institution. Her next year's course will be on "The Development of the Economic Position of Women in War Times." Writing to a friend, Prof. Blatch says: "Certain things I have found out in regard to the rush of women into industry in the Civil War time, suggest the subject. In this connection I shall study the Crimean war, our Civil War, the Franco-Prussian one and the last conflict, the Turko Grecian. As Greece had to send all her capable men to the front, there was probably a great spur given to the employment of women in that classic land."

Notes

MARK TWAIN'S forthcoming book, due about Christmas, is to be called "The Surviving Innocent Abroad." It is true, he says, that other members of the party who left America in the Quaker City some twenty-eight years ago are still living, but he is the only one who has remained innocent.

—A new edition of Richard Harding Davis's "Cuba in War Time" is announced by Mr. R. H. Russell.

—The Century Co. have in preparation a child's book on Joan of Arc, illustrated in color by Boutet de Monvel, its author, and printed by Boussod, Valadon & Co. Mary Hartwell Catherwood's novel, "The Days of Jeanne d'Arc," now appearing in *The Century*, will also be issued in the autumn.

—The American Baptist Publication Society will bring out in the fall "Between Earth and Sky," a volume of short stories, by E. W. Thomson, one of the editors of *The Youth's Companion*; and a small volume of addresses left in MS. form by Prof. Nathan Sheppard, well known among Baptist journals by his pseudonym "Keynote."

—Part IV. of Malory's "Morte Darthur" completes the attractive reprint of the delightful old romance in the Temple Classics, published by the Macmillan Co. Caxton's original preface of 1485 is appended, together with a glossary of archaic words.

—The New Amsterdam Book Co. announces for immediate issue "The Story of an African Crisis," by F. E. Garrett, 11,000 copies of which were sold in London on the day of its publication there; "The Preaching of Islam," by T. W. Arnold, an account of the spread of Mohammedanism through missionary methods; and "Pacific Tales," by Louis Becke, the well known writer of South Sea stories. This house has postponed till early fall the issue of the volume of heretofore unpublished sketches and articles by Dickens, to which Mr. Frederick Kitton, the well-known authority on Dickensiana, will contribute an introduction.

—Miss Helen Moore, Librarian of the University Settlement, appeals to the public for a typewriter. The Settlement Library is very much in need of one, she says, and could do a great deal towards printing its catalogue and lists of books if it possessed a typewriter for the summer months. She hopes that some business or professional firm which has got a new one for itself can loan its old one. Address, 26 Delancey Street, New York.

—Preparations for Mr. Barrie's comedy are being pushed ahead in London, but it is unlikely that it will be seen before the middle of October. Many important additions will be made to the company for Mr. Barrie's play, which involves a long cast.

—In his speech at the unveiling of the Siddons memorial, Sir Henry Irving reminded his hearers that it was the first statue of a player to be erected in London. There are statues to Shakespeare, but they are to Shakespeare the poet, not the actor. The memorial represents Mrs. Siddons in classic robes seated in a large chair. The expression of the face suggests that in her famous portrait as the Tragic Muse. *The Sketch* of June 23 has an excellent reproduction of it.

—A tablet to the memory of Jenny Lind was unveiled in Westminster Abbey on June 20, by the Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. The tablet is next to Thackeray's.

—Miss Louise Imogen Guiney has resigned her position as postmistress at Auburndale, Mass., and will henceforth devote herself entirely to literature. Her appointment by President Cleveland, it will be remembered, caused much interest, its narrow-minded opponents being met by an overwhelming majority of Miss Guiney's admirers and friends of justice.

—Henri Meilhac, the well-known French playwright, who died in Paris on July 6, was born there in 1832, and began his career as a dramatist in 1855. But it was not till six years later that he became popular, through "La Vertu de Célimène," written in collaboration with Arthur Delavigne. With Ludovic Halévy he wrote the librettos of Offenbach's "La Belle Hélène," "La Vie Parisienne," "Barbe Bleue" and "La Périoché," and of Bizet's "Carmen" and of "Le Petit Duc," and also "Frou-Frou," "L'Étincelle" and other plays. His best play written without collaborator is "Décoré," and with it may be classed "Margot" and "Brevet Supérieur." His other works, written singly, or in collaboration, include "La Boule," "La Roussotte," "La Cigale" and "Mam'zelle Nitouche." M. Meilhac received the order of the Legion of Honor in 1869, and was elected to the Academy in 1888, as the successor of Labiche.

—It is proposed to present to Mr. John O'Hart, the author of "Irish Pedigrees" and "Irish Landed Gentry When Cromwell Came to Ireland," a testimonial in the form that is most practical in the case of a scholar in his declining years. Subscriptions may be sent to Sir Henry Bellingham, Bart., The Castle, Castlebellingham, County Louth, Ireland, or to Mr. Jerome James Murphy, Ashton, Cork. On April 1 the fund amounted to about \$800.

—In his Notes on Authors in *The Critic* of June 12, Mr. C. E. L. Wingate spoke of the late Rev. Arthur Brooks "of the Church of the Immaculate Conception." What he meant was, of course, the Church of the Incarnation.

—Ruth Ogden, whose books for young people include "A Loyal Little Red-Coat," "A Little Queen of Hearts," "Courage" and "His Little Royal Highness," has just completed a sequel to "Courage," which will be entitled "Little Homespun," and will be published in the autumn, with numerous illustrations by Mabel Humphrey, the sister of Maud Humphrey, the well-known artist: The author's real name is Mrs. Charles W. Ide of Brooklyn.

—The oldest and most interesting of the 228 Bibles and books relating to the Bible in the Ashburnham collection is the "Biblia Pauperum," an original Block Book, in folio form, of extraordinary rarity, and bearing the date of 1430. It is impressed on forty leaves, on one side only, every leaf neatly inlaid, bound in blue morocco, with Etruscan borders, and having line frames and silk linings. This copy is regarded by Heineken as the second edition of the Block Book, a work of much value. The Gutenberg or Mazarine Bible, which was sold for 4000*l.*, cost the late Lord Ashburnham 3400*l.*—which shows, as has been demonstrated in these columns before, that book-collecting may be a profitable investment, as well as a delight.

—"That Affair Next Door" has provoked requests for the solution of mysteries. The latest is a New York newspaper's application to Anna Katharine Green for her theory of the recent horrible murder in this neighborhood. While this may be enterprise on the part of the paper, the author hardly feels complimented by having her fiction accepted as fact to this extent.

—The reported massacre of Baron Dahnis and his expedition at the extreme eastern point of the Congo Free State, will draw special attention to Capt. Hinde's "Fall of the Congo Arabs," containing an account of Baron Dahnis's first expedition, which,

after two years of constant warfare, succeeded in completely crushing the power of the Arab slave-traders in the Congo basin, Capt. Hinde being second in command. The volume is published by Mr. Thomas Whittaker.

Free Parliament

Communications must be accompanied by the names and addresses of correspondents, not necessarily for publication. In referring to any question, always give its number.

QUESTION

1846.—Where can I find the translation of "Ca Ira," the French Revolutionary song, which was sung everywhere in 1793, when Citizen Genet came to this country? The refrain is


"Ah! It will speed, it will speed, it will speed,
Resistance is vain, it is bound to succeed."

ANSONIA, CONN.

W. F. O.

Publications Received

Arabian Nights. Ed. by M. Clarke. 60c.	American Book Co.
Babylonian Talmud. Ed. and Tr. by M. L. Rodkinson. Vol. IV.	New York: New Talmud Pub. Co.
Beaumont, Mary. Joan Seaton. \$1.25.	F. A. Stokes Co.
Bellamy, Edward. Equality.	D. Appleton & Co.
Cook, Lady. Essays on Social Topics.	London: Roxburghe Press.
Curtiss, C. C. New System of Freehand Writing: Semi-Vertical Edition. Books 1-6.	American Book Co.
Du Maurier, G. The Martian.	Harper & Bros.
Essays in Liberalism.	Cassell & Co.
Garbe, R. The Philosophy of Ancient India. 50c.	Open Court Pub. Co.
Hubbard, E. Little Journeys to the Homes of Famous Women.	Madame de Staël.
Jacobs, W. W. Many Cargoes. \$1.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Kuhne, L. Facial Diagnosis. Tr. by A. F. Reinhold. \$1.	F. A. Stokes Co.
Mackie, J. They That Sit in Darkness. 75c.	New York: Reinhold Institute.
Merrill, E. T. Fragments of Roman Satire. 75c.	F. A. Stokes Co.
Morris, W. O. C. Hannibal. \$1.50.	American Book Co.
Prenlias, H. M. The Great Polar Current. 2 vols.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Remsen, Ira. Is Science Bankrupt? Worth of High School Science Studies as a Part of the Preparation for College. (a pamphlet.)	Riverside Press.
Roth, E. American Schoolboys to Sixteen.	Johns Hopkins Univ.
Savage, R. H. In the Old Chateau. 25c.	Philadelphia.
Short Stories from English History. Ed. by A. F. Blaisdell.	Rand, McNally & Co.
Speer's Arithmetic.	Ginn & Co.
Story of Butte, The. Ed. by G. X. Platt.	Ginn & Co.
Taylor, L. An American Emperor. \$1.75.	Butte, Mont.: Standard Mfg. Co.
Tullidge, E. K. The Truth Sworn Unto Our Fathers.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Tyler, C. M. Bases of Religious Belief. \$1.50.	Germantown, Pa.: Identity Assoc.
	G. P. Putnam's Sons.



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